

2Pac Lyrics

"Life Of An Outlaw"

(feat. Outlawz)

In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand

[2Pac:]

Why explain the game
Niggas ain't listenin', stuck in positions
If victims can't stand the heat then stay the fuck out the kitchen
Half these busters switchin', lookin' at me mean
Itchin', givin' suckers plenty space
Have these bitch niggas snitchin'
Where are we now, guns found daily
The feds surely hope that they could finally nail me
For sellin' dope they backwards
Make track burst, whenever I rap
Attack
Words bein' known to explode on contact
Extreme at times
Blinded by my passion and fury
Look at me laugh at my competition's flashin' my jewelry
You'd stay silent if you niggas knew me
Truely effective
The shit you heard ain't do me justice
Got a death wish, bitch
Run but face, being traced, by the infrared beam
It seems niggas ain't recognize my team
Ain't nobody holdin' you back, explode the track to confetti
Unload it
Cause niggas ain't ready
The life of an outlaw

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[2Pac:]

Code 3

Attack formation
Pull out your pistols
Keep an eye out for the devils cause they itchin' to get you
Merciless madman screamin' kamikaze in tongue
Automatic gunfire makin' all my enemies run
Who should I call when I'm shot and bleedin'
Indeed the possibility has part a chase in cream
Dope got me hatin' fiends
Scheme with my team, just a chosen few
My foes victim of explosives

Come closer
Exhale the fumes
We got memories fadin' fast
A slave for cash
Accelerate, mash, blast, then dash
Don't look now. How you like it, raw
Niggas ain't ready for the wrath of the outlaws
Never surrender
Death before dishonor, stay free
I'm thugged out
Fuck the world cause this is how they made me
Scarred but still breathin'
Believe in me and you could see the victory
A warrior with jewels
Will you picture me?
Life of and outlaw

In the life we live as thugs (no doubt)
Everybody fuckin' with us (yes!), so can't you see (life of an outlaw)
It's hard to be a man (soldiers in position, attack formation)
Ridin' with my guns in hand
(No retreat, no surrender)

[Young Noble:]
City under siege
It's like I can't even breathe
I'm from the state of car thieves
G, deep from the street
Plenty beef
I play for keeps, arrange the whole crime scene
Mobb peep
This nigga from behind tryin' to creep
No half-wits, no straps, jack
It's on to bounce back
An ounce of wrath so bad, it snatched my style on death
Tell the reaper I was sent to get ya
Snip with clippers
Get the picture
I wrote my life down as a scripture

[E.D.I. Mean:]
And still I'm lost in the land of the lonely
Where ain't nobody holy
A matter of a fact, we unholy
Everybody livin' soley for themselves
Too high strung to lend help
To somebody who be needin' it
You know we lost hope and we needin' it
Wit' the evil it's forever
But it might be low down, scandalous
Like a tramp is
All for the street fame on how to be managed
To plan shit
6 months in advanced to what we plotted
Approved to go on swole and now I got it

[Kastro:]

Uh, crack my window
Knowin' they'd love to catch Kastro sleepin'
Attach a strap under my pillow hand to hand like we freakin'
Creepin' deep into mornin'
Peepin' out the weak while they yawnin'
And let my clout speak for itself
No doubt
Outlaw
Outta my mind, outta time
You're all blind
Some kind of life of mine if K-Dog don't mind
Findin' it funny, matter of fact, cause it is
Perhaps finally I'll adapt to it over the years as an outlaw

[(2Pac) Napoleon:]

(Eh, Napoleon)
What's up, nigga?
(Would you die for me, nigga?)
Hell yeah
(Would you kill for me, nigga?)
On my grandmother, nigga
(Ah yo)
What's up
(Let's ride on them stupid bitches right now
Watch out)

[Napoleon:]

Well, now they all say that vultures and parasites
Snakes are all alike
Thug life break night
Drink 'til we fist fight
Life or death. But you can't win with a vest
But there won't be no breathin' for the reason
Punk bitch on your breath
I see day is dark and I admit it's dark
So chase the air hide your stash
Beware from [?] marks
And yo, Makaveli, give me them bullets that was left up in your belly
And let me bust back to them niggas 'til they all cold and sweaty

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Thanks to KRAZY, iceman40ounce for correcting these lyrics.